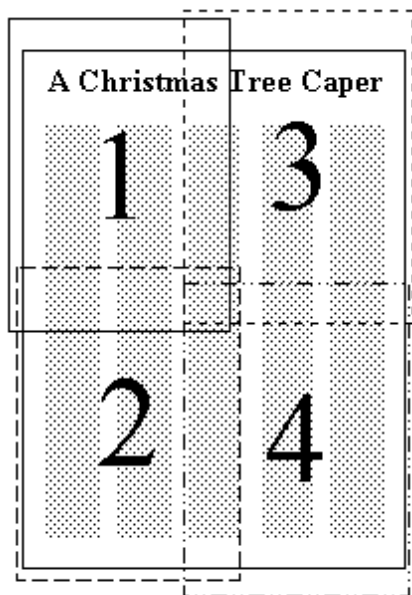


NOTE: This newspaper appearance was divided and enlarged to fill 8 ½" x 11" pages, roughly in the manner shown below.



TERRY

BURP GUNS ARE FINE
FOR CLOSE WORK, BUT
THIS RANGE CALLS FOR
A RIFLE, YOUNG LADY...

HOLD HER STEADY, TOLL.
IF I CAN JUST PICK OFF
THE DRIVER...



AMBITION TAKES A DETOUR

By JACK RITCHIE and IRMA REITCI

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CLIFF BRANDON hummed as he trimmed the hedge separating the Davis and Brandon properties. "As a hedge trimmer you're strictly a lawyer," Ginny Davis taunted, grinning at him from across the hedge.

"Don't nag, youngster," Cliff said airily. "I see a year of college hasn't improved your manners."

Ginny passed a hand through tousled black hair. "I'll disregard that for the moment. But, I'm warning you. I'm going to fight."

"Fight for what, youngster?"

"The order of things," Ginny said. "I've been waiting to marry you ever since I was six years old. Now you've fallen for a bleached blonde, I hear."

"A true blonde," Cliff said. "And what's more, she keeps her hair combed. Also, she's intelligent. Very intelligent." He tapped his pipe against a rake handle. "Now run along, youngster. I've got work to do."

"You — you're impossible!" Ginny exploded. "I'm almost twenty and you know it, Cliff Brandon!" She bit her lip as she frowned down at a bed of phlox. "I bet that blonde doesn't know you've just opened your law office and are practically starving."

Cliff pocketed his pipe. Trust Ginny to know where he was vulnerable. Of course, Cynthia Westwood didn't know that his entire law practice so far consisted of two clients. You don't tell such things to a successful copy writer, who also happens to be the daughter of a State Senator. Not when you have political ambitions yourself.

"At least five years older than you," his father grumbled. "Ambition is a fine thing, but a man ought to stand on his own two feet."

It was a rather preoccupied young man who called on Cynthia Westwood at her apartment that evening.

"You look beautiful in that green gown," Cliff said, reaching into his pocket before remembering that Cynthia didn't approve of pipe smoking.

"Interesting and attractive, probably," Cynthia said offering him a cigarette. "Beautiful, no."

"Well, let's say devastating, then," Cliff compromised.

CYNTHIA'S MEASURE

"That's much better. I like honesty in a man. We'll get along. Now tell me about the interesting cases you handled today."

Cliff had no illusions about Cynthia's measure of a man. He launched into the intricacies of a wholly fictional law case.

Cynthia regarded him with admiration. "My father couldn't have done better. I must tell him about it." She glanced at her watch. "We'd better go now, or we'll miss that new singer."

At the club, seated at the table he had reserved, Cliff let his eyes wander over the other diners. No Ginny. He sighed with relief.

"Cliff," Cynthia said, "I've never suspected you were the roving

"Garth O'Brien," Ginny said. "A football player."

"I never would have guessed," Cliff said. He introduced the girls. "How about joining us?" he asked Ginny.

"They probably have a table reserved," Cynthia said quickly.

"No, but we'll find one," Ginny said confidently, taking Garth's arm and moving away.

"Who is that girl?" Cynthia asked, a slight edge in her voice.

Cliff swiveled his attention back to Cynthia. "Just the kid next door," he said. "How about a dance?"

Ginny waved as she floated by in the arms of the football player.

Back at their table again, Cliff consulted his watch. "Doesn't he have training rules or something?" he said. "It's after ten and they're still dancing. Oh? Sorry, Cynthia. You were saying..."

Ginny and her escort were still dancing when Cliff and Cynthia left.

Cliff glanced over his shoulder. Somebody should have told the youngster about wolves. That guy Garth was holding Ginny much too close.

"She's rather pretty," Cynthia said as soon as the car moved away from the curb. "But the type that marries young and is satisfied to be a mere housewife."

Cliff blew his horn unnecessarily at a pedestrian who obviously had no intention of running into the path of the car.

He declined his usual good-night drink at Cynthia's apartment. "Busy day tomorrow," he explained. "See you Wednesday."

SHE SPRINTED

LONG TIME

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SHE SPRINTED AWAY

"Well," Ginny said, smiling again. "See you tonight at The Cabello Club." She sprinted away.

"Hey, wait a minute," Cliff shouted. "That's no place for you. Besides, how did you . . . ?"

Ginny laughed as the screen door slammed behind her.

Cliff regarded the uneven hedge for a moment, then decided to get a drink of water.

"Too bad Ginny's father hasn't any political pull," his father said cryptically, finishing his breakfast eggs. "She'd make a wonderful daughter-in-law."

The water glass clattered as Cliff set it on the sink.

"I think a man ought to marry for love," his mother added, breaking a head of lettuce into sections. "You've always been fond of Ginny."

Cliff gave her a quick hug. "And I'm still fond of her. But Cynthia is a mature, intelligent woman . . ."

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"Sorry," Cliff apologized. "Merely comparing. And you're the winner," he teased. "Strictly speaking, you may not be beautiful, but you're the most arresting woman in the place. I bet every man here envies me." He really meant it, Cliff assured himself. A woman with Cynthia's attributes would be a credit to a man anywhere.

Cynthia gave him a forgiving smile. "Spoken like a diplomat. Let's drink a toast to your future," she suggested.

Just at that moment, Cliff saw Ginny and her escort approach, and he sat his drink down in amazement. The youngster had suddenly grown up! And her gleaming dark hair, neatly combed, formed a perfect frame for the piquant face and dark blue eyes.

"Why, Cliff," Ginny exclaimed. "Imagine finding you here!"

Cliff rose. His six foot frame bumped into the six foot four of her escort.

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LONG TIME SAYING GOODNIGHT

It was almost two in the morning when the football player brought Ginny home. He was a long time saying goodnight, too.

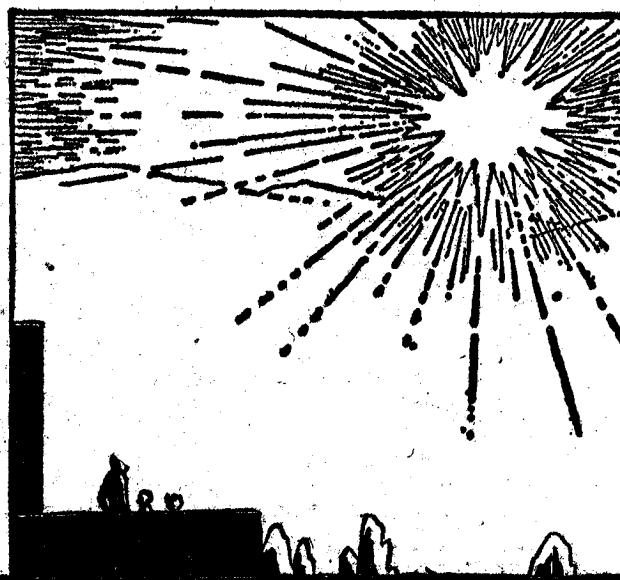
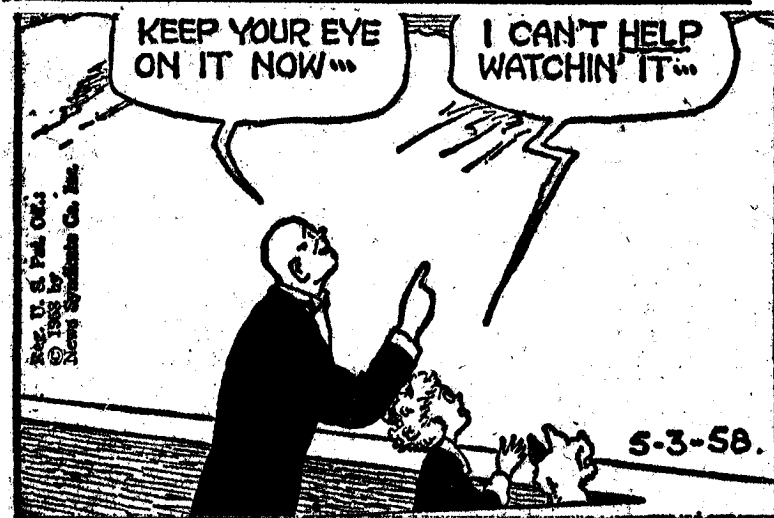
Wednesday evening Cliff drove to Cynthia's apartment.

She was a picture of regal sophistication in an ice blue gown. Cliff watched her movements as she mixed Martinis. Without a doubt she'd make a perfect wife for a man with political ambitions. He could almost see Cynthia moving about graciously in a Governor's mansion. Ginny would probably forget to comb her hair, or trip over something . . . He grinned at the thought.

"My, we're in a good humor." Cynthia handed him the drink and sat down beside him. "How about some music? Chopin or something modern?"

"In a moment," Cliff said. "Won't you reconsider about Saturday night, Cynthia? My mother was disappointed when you declined her dinner invitation."

ORPHAN ANNIE



HOLD HER STEADY, GIL!
IF I CAN JUST PICK OFF
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A DETOUR

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LONG TIME

The Neighbors

By George Clark



“That boy would have proposed to you if you’d
stopped talking long enough.”

A collection of nearly 100 cartoonists' drawings from The Neighbors now
on sale at NEWS Information Bureau—or by mail—10c

Cynthia took a sip of her drink
before answering. “You know
Senator Dolin will be my father’s
guest that evening, and it’s im-
portant that you meet him.” She
paused a moment, then said
kitchen Cliff noticed as he parked
his car in his driveway.
Ginny, wearing jeans, and with
her hair ruffled as usual, answer-
ed his knock.

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clark

5-9

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A collection of nearly 100 selected cartoons from the syndicators have on sale at NEWS Information Bureau—or by mail—10c

Cynthia took a sip of her drink before answering. "You know Senator Dolin will be my father's guest that evening, and it's important that you meet him." She paused a moment, then put down her glass. "Cliff, I don't mean to sound cruel, but since we both agree that your future career is the important thing, you must be prepared to make sacrifices. You'll have to cut the home ties. Get an apartment with a good address." She smiled. "I'll see you meet the right people; make the right friends . . ."

"I don't believe one has to be ruthless to be successful," Cliff said, his voice rising. "Furthermore, I already have friends . . ."

"Like that Ginny person?" Cynthia asked icily. "A nobody?"

Cliff bristled. "Ginny IS somebody! She's generous and tolerant and good." Then, half to himself he muttered: "My father was right. A man should stand on his own two feet."

"Let's not quarrel," Cynthia said coolly. "But, you'd better leave now. Call me when you're in a better mood. In the meantime you might reflect on what a man like Senator Dolin and my father could do for you."

There was a light in Ginny's

kitchen Cliff noticed as he parked his car in his driveway.

Ginny, wearing jeans, and with her hair ruffled as usual, answered his knock.

"Go away," she said. "I'm busy."

"Doing what?"

"Packing." Ginny pushed back a strand of hair. "I'm taking an early morning train to Chicago." When she looked up at Cliff, he noticed she'd been crying.

"I've got a job there," Ginny continued. "And who knows? In time I may become a sleek career woman like your bleached blonde!"

"Over my dead body," Cliff declared. "Career women are all right in their place." He moved closer to Ginny. "Your place is in my arms, darling. I hadn't realized it until tonight, but I think I've always been in love with you, youngster."

"I'm no youngster," Ginny began to protest, then grinned. "Don't you ever dare call me that when I'm Mrs. Cliff Brandon!"

"Agreed," Cliff said, taking Ginny into his arms. "But you might have let me propose, youngster . . . Oops! Sorry!"

He rectified his error with a long kiss.

THE END

